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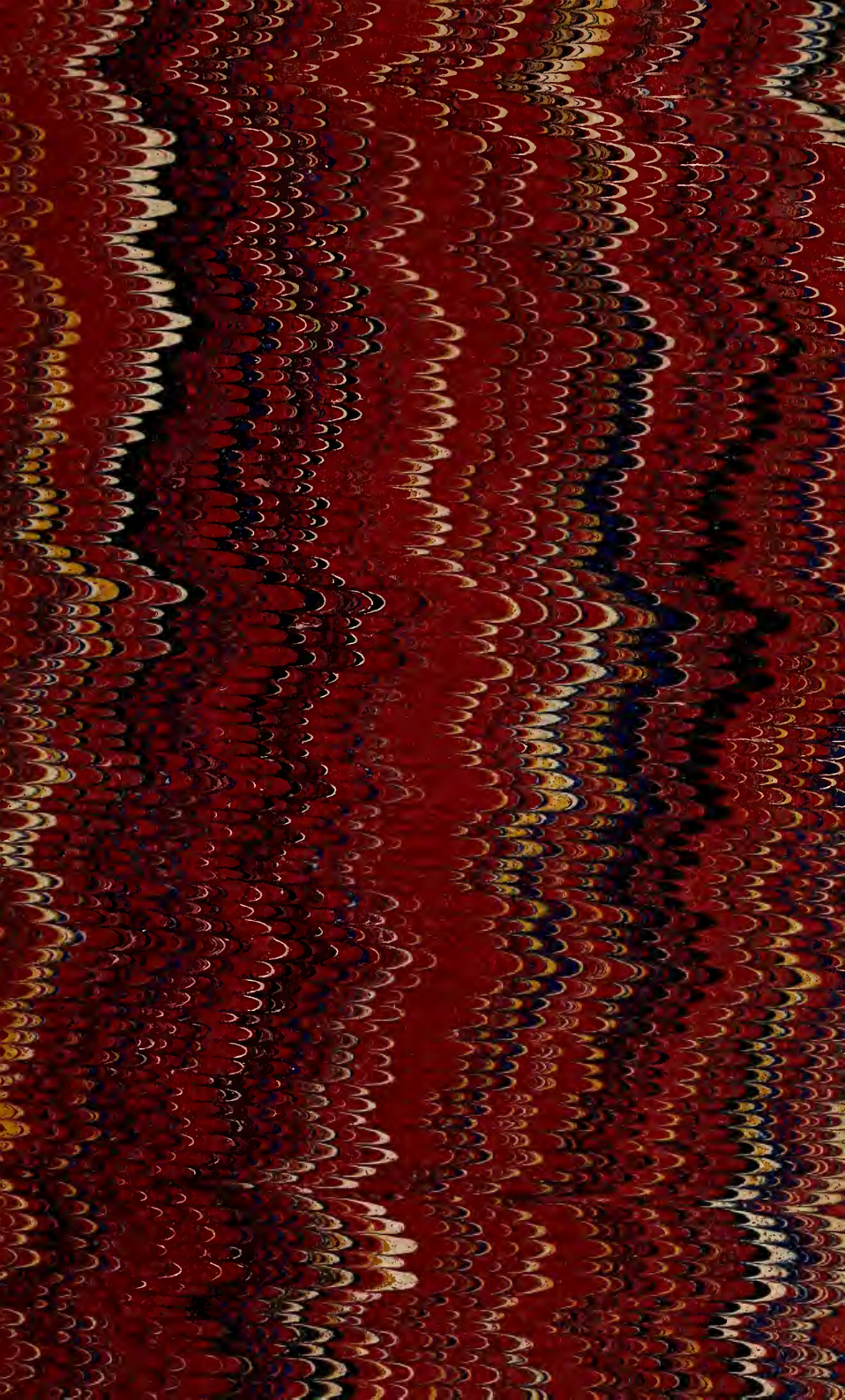
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE DRUNKARD:

A POETIC READING.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY
THOMAS NICHOLSON.



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THE DRUNKARD.

PART I.

LADIES and gentlemen, we beg to show,
A picture sad ; and try to stem the tide
Of drunkenness—the cause of grievous woe—
A fact too true, for no one has denied.
Hear patiently our words in this regard,
Or verses, which we name (or term) “The Drunkard.”

“Drunkard !” our term ; not an inebriate :
The working-people better understand
A term they know, than one that might defeat
The object of our reading in the end.
And so we style our poetry, “The Drunkard,”
As little children understand the word.

We beg leave to exhibit this sad picture ;
Perhaps show worse condition of our race—
Show rum-distortion of the human structure,
Show change which drunkenness stamps on mind
and face :
If the worst curses could be all combined,
True represent in drunkard you can find.

Can it be possible that this young lad,
Now sixteen, should, when he is twenty-one,
Be, by contamination, drunkard made—
His heart, now tender, whiskified to stone?
What made the sad, repulsive change we see?
His weeping mother sobs, “Bad company.”

Distinguished doctors in this sad disease
Have given, as their deliberate belief,
Rum's bad effect that shows upon the face
Is of man's mind and strength the greatest thief,
Swelling the globules of the brain and blood,
Betraying strength you gain from wholesome food.

So, then, as this, young man, is meant for you,
Study the counsel given, do try and use it;
With us the present field of thought pursue,
Meant for your good—we pray you, don't abuse it;
'Tis only truly sober men can rise
Above the Charon influence of flies.

Oh what a horrid picture, what sad scenes,
What have we undertaken to describe!
Paint the worst tragedies of hellish fiends—
Drunkards are worse by hell-fire they imbibe.
The wrecks of families, the wrecks of states
Have been brought on by drunken dissipates.

If Genius, painting character through fiction,
Is patronized by thousands in the act,
Shall we not, as we move in this direction,
Be recognized while we exhibit fact?
'Tis time we cast all prejudice away,
Expose the wrecks of rum to blaze of day.

Let none who hear us for a moment think
That we did not in writing count the cost;
Indeed we did, with every drop of ink,
Believe we had attacked a numerous host.
Yet, bayonet not our weapon nor a sword,
We urge our cause by the persuasive word.

If some upbraid us with our former crimes,
We stand corrected, but will tell you, now
That we have come to sense, see better times,
Tho' often look and think and wonder how
We could be led at all to touch or taste
That curse that if indulged will damn at last.

We think none in this audience ever did
See us indulge in brandy or in beer ;
Years now have passed ; we saw our wrong—God chid
Foul influence, and now our voice we rear—
Yea, to our latest, lingering breath we shall
In temperance cause to youth and age appeal.

Are any come to criticise our verse?
We bid them welcome—hope they'll duly weigh
The force of what we're trying to rehearse ;
Yea, ponder well what we're about to say :
We cannot, like some able speakers, have
Peculiar power to make some weep and laugh.

Nor can we, we may add in this connection,
Exhibit mighty gifts some other have,
Who, 'mid the tombs of mind, cause resurrection,
Bring up what was long hidden in the grave.
With us you will find erudition fail,
If you compare us with professors real.

Yet if we can succeed to make arrest
Of one susceptible, besotted youth,
The act, to us, would be the richest feast—
'Mongst mental viands—we may add in truth,
We'd rather drag a drunkard from his rum
Than draw one sober from the maelstrom.

If we could have a preparation made,
A scientific fixing of the gaslight—
Arrange the influence of light and shade,
We'd read to more advantage here to-night.
Such is done for great authors and professors,
But seldom for mere temperance addressers.

Yet greater influence than the gaslight,
Or patented arrangement of its shade,
Is when we come to battle for the right—
Dark-lantern fixtures are not tricks of trade.
If ray of hope strike one besotted mind,
It leaves a halo heaven alone designed.

We'll make no kiln-dried speeches here to-night;
Long-winded, dull statistics kill our cause:
Our object is to battle for the right,
Excelsior our motto—till the laws
Be framed to crush rum curse by temperance men;
Then shall we victory o'er foul "Dagon" gain.

We have not come with poison of the asp
To injure or destroy; we love you well:
We would be right, we want no venomous wasp—
Buried regrets dig up, expose for sale,
Slander is mean, however you can fix it;
You cannot make it nice, however mix it.

What of some speaker's ludicrous allusions,
What of descriptions that make people laugh,
What when the talk of drunkards mean intrusion,
That gain for him the name of "sucker"—quaff?
A drunkard's mean; all say he'll cheat or steal,
Purloin e'en petty trifles to get ale.

Now, what we purpose here in this connection
Is, at the start, to warn the innocent ;
We firmly aver there's no protection
But *total abstinence*—no real content.
If God has given you nervous system, brain,
To guard these treasures—totally abstain.

Do not now tell me of some man up town,
Or some down-towner who for forty years
Attends his business daily, and drinks down
His quart a-day, and has of death no fears,
But looks quite hearty—says he does enjoy
Now better health than when he was a boy.

We heard, somewhere, a tale we wish to quote
(Or, as is often said, an old “ fish story”),
Which thoroughly describes a drunken bloat,
No matter whether young in crime or hoary.
'Tis said a negro fished on river's brink
And with his bread had whisky for to drink.

We know men who go gunning or go angling
May take full flask with willow-covered screen
By over-dose, perhaps a branch entangling
The gun, discharge contents into his brain.
Or, drunk in open boat and staggering round,
Loses his balance, falls overboard, is drowned.

But what about fish stories? some may say :
The negro spilled some whisky on his bread ;
It floats—some hungry fishes on it prey,
Get drunk, and Sambo captures them, 'tis said.
But one old “ feller,” larger than the rest,
He could not catch, altho' he tried his best.

Sam tried in vain to catch him, but could not,
Told Uncle Bill of whisky and of bread;
Old "Cuffy" said to Sambo, "What of dat?—
"Dat big old 'feller' is a mullet-head;
You could not make him drunk by any means,
For mullet-heads have neither nerves nor brains."

And yet some mullet-headed, brainless men
(For, by the way, they're not your solid thinkers),
Look at their influence, see the sad stain—
How youth's fair forms they change to bloated blinkers.
We take up any terms, we do declare,
To cause our youth sad drunkenness to abhor.

Madmen and murd'rous, suicidal hosts
(We never can expressions overstrain),
Exhibit show of headless, sheeted ghosts;
Foul drunkard's sins we never can explain.
Oh that we could make words like battering-rams!
Power against drunkenness should wear hardest names.

For outcast prodigal there still is hope
(Except hell's brand, bad whisky, burn its mark),
The fallen woman may be lifted up,
Tho' her sad catalogue of crime be dark;
But if they live by suction, ah! desire—
Just strike a match, you set their breath on fire.

Their flesh, corrupted blubber, their red eyes,
The face, the hands, the nose and all the rest;
Speak to each feature, what are their replies?
Answer appears in "mark of the old beast."
Intemperance in eating or in drinking
Will always show sad consequence, I'm thinking.

I do not blame hotel-keepers—I don't ;
 They only carry out what law allows ;
 To pour invectives on these men I won't :
 I wish I could communities arouse.
 Sad crimes and sins of drunkenness that appal
 Do curses rest on legislative hall.

Do ye believe, ye frank and noble men,
 That drunkenness damns entire communities ?
 Can you not raise your voice against this stain,
 And let the echo pass upon the breeze ?
 And borne along by all the winds that blow,
 Remove the chains from white as well as negro.

We love a move for good that's radical ;
 We're dealing now in conscious matter-of-fact,
 Why should not every sober mind reveal,
 Why should philosophers by rum be wrecked ?
 Open no graves of senators for me—
 Sobriety is true philosophy.

We make quotation which we got by gleaning :
 A generous orchard-owner gave boys apples
 (We wish you thoroughly to know our meaning)—
 He gave them all they could let down their thrapples.
 He said, “ Eat plenty, boys, but pocket none,
 For if I find but one I'll say, Thief, run ! ”

We have no mercy on a plagiarist,
 Or any one who does not give “ quotation ; ”
 Some go to say that such should get the “ fist,”
 For such, without dispute, disgrace a nation.
 The party must be pretty near perdition
 Who publish other's words without permission.

Our terms may be harsh, but if they are,
'Tis that we may succeed to overthrow ;
We wage against this evil a fierce war,
For it is cutting down our youth, we know ;
Therefore if any here are extra nervous,
If they put on fresh courage now, they'll serve us.

And if they do but listen, ponder well
The magnanimity of this great crime,
That damns the soul before it sinks to hell ;
Oh we will pray, " Ye youths, be wise in time ;
See the worst of evils that e'er curst our race
Stamping with death fallen drunkards, soul and face.

" By mercy, judgment, and by heaven and hell,
We charge you do not lose a single hour ;
Think of this subject, youth, oh ponder well
Now in your age of blossom and of flower.
Oh that the words we use would, as stone hammers,
Wake up and shape the stolid, fossil dreamers."

The gorgeous drapery of morning light,
A heavenly curtain flung o'er eastern sky,
Magnificent, sublime and grand the sight ;
All sense absorbed by beauty as the eye.
Will stagg'ring drunkard, reveling all the night,
Stand, gaze in awe, and wonder at the sight ?

How can a drunkard think or contemplate ?
How can he judge, decide, acquit, condemn ?
Should drunkard occupy the chair of state,
Or a judicial bench, almost the same ?
Without this certain, sober requisite,
No one should represent your land or State.

I am not an astronomer, tho' I
Love in the night to look at worlds above,
I do admire these diamonds in the sky
That shine upon us from the land of love.
Now who would choose, admiring land of Saturn,
A great, big drunken bloat or staggering slattern?

The beauteous flowers of the spring I love,
The song of birds sweet music to my ear,
Enchanting melody from wood and grove,
Young spring again that doth my senses cheer.
Companion in the fields, admiring nature,
I never would select a drunken creature.

I love the mountain high, the river wide,
Whose headlong course is lost in mighty ocean :
Old Ocean grander still, its swelling tide
Sublime and awful in the storm's commotion.
The sea's phosphoric glare I do admire
When the whole ocean seems one sea of fire.

But while I hold on to belaying pins,
And find it difficult myself to save,
The drunkard falls on chains and barks his shins,
Or leans too far and finds a watery grave.
Sad fates by drunken captains, engineers,
Cannot be counted by the flight of years.

We might relate sad facts which we have heard,
Or influence of drink upon some nerves,
And show you how sad sorrows have occurred ;
Sometimes, perhaps, a revelation serves
To force a fact on mind and save the man
Whom you could not well reach by other rein.

Upon a certain day a fine young man,
A husband, father and a man of mind,
Without a blot his character to stain,
Noble and generous, hospitable, kind,
Was drugged by brandy in bad company,
Ah! terrible the sequel!—you shall see.

He staggered, crazy, to his open door;
His only, lovely boy, of four years old,
Caresses on his “pappy” runs to pour;
Ah! cursed rum to which “pap’s” sense is sold!
He lifts his son and dashes out his brains
Against the marble slabs and window-panes.

Don’t cry, ye mothers dear, while I relate
The sudden wreck of this young family:
The mother’s mad—she’s dead. Can I repeat
The horror of the bloody scene we see?
The father snores all night, like drunken bloat,
But wakes up in the morn to cut his throat.

This is but a relation that we know;
The many silent sufferings who can tell?
Martyrs by drunkenness, worst of human woe—
Sad scenes, if known, would melt hard hearts of steel.
Oh, men of influence, do check this tide
Of drunkenness that destroys your country’s pride.

Some of the finest men we ever knew,
Hospitable, kind, brave and broad-hearted,
Honest and liberal, noble, good and true—
When drunk see them of every good deserted.
Stop this devouring flame at any hazard,
Better these men should perish in a desert.

Suppose you have a drunken *valet-de-chambre*;
If e'er you have, I'll tell you what to do :
Place him, like smuggled brandy, in a hamper—
For extra luggage, better have in lieu
Of any staggering fool that cannot be
Ready to wait upon you soberly.

In making our descript of this sad case
We must be many-sided—try to show
The drunken, hideous forms of sad distress
That meet us everywhere where'er we go,
And, in all honesty, compare our notes
Between the sober and the drunken bloats.

For illustration : when the harvest moon
In its full glory looks so sweet on you,
Attracting, so that bed-time comes too soon,
If you admire the beautiful, the true,
You would not care to have a drunken loon
Talk to you of the grandeur of the moon.

Or if in summer you should make a tour
Across old Ocean, or go up the mountains,
Or go to see sublime Niagara pour—
See moss-edged rills and bubbling crystal fountains,
No face that is by brandy set on fire
Has brain behind this grandeur to admire.

What is the power that sparkles in the fountain?
What is the power that caps the hill with snow?
What the clear stream that rushes from the mountain?
What are the rills that to the river flow?
What the wide river bearing on its breast
Great navies that may on the ocean rest?

What is the rainbow, glorious to behold,
Heaven's many-color'd drapery expanding?
What are the clouds of evening, tinged with gold,
And glorious sun-sight to the light clouds lending?—
His beauteous rays a prism in the skies
Delighting sense and gladdening heart and eyes.

What is it cheers the flowers when scorching heat
Withers the grass and prostrates vegetation?
These cooling drops flowers lift their heads to meet—
Drops, grateful drops, renewing all creation :
Heaven's distillations falling on the earth,
Agents that help to give each seed its birth.

What when the traveler on the desert drear,
With parched and swollen lips and fiery eyes,
Rushes to fountain he sees sparkling near,
And, grateful, lifts his heart up to the skies,
O brandy, lager, gin, ye fluids curst,
Ye cannot quench the fainting traveler's thirst !

I love the crest of ocean—yes I do—
Where cooling draughts are rocked before they rise ;
I love the mountain's morning pearly dew—
Pure drops reflecting beauties from the skies.
I'm lost in admiration—yes I am—
At furious rapids that none can restrain.

Thou, great Niagara, leaping into bed,
Magnificent, sublime ! How grand to see !
Thy thunder voice, enough to wake the dead !
The power that drives the world around and me :
I'm lost in thought ; I cannot write or act,
Mesmeric power thou hast, thou cataract !

The drunkard can't admire the beautiful,
He cannot glory in field flower that's wild ;
A drunkard has not sense enough to feel
The innocence that leaps from little child ;
Nor flowery sweets nor childish innocence
Can ever from a drunkard draw response.

Look at the sun at evening from the mountain
Shedding his ling'ring rays on all around,
While there admiring day's retiring fountain,
Kissing with eve's last rays receding ground ;
Resting on mountain heath-bells, you would not
Desire the company of drunken sot.

The path to mental field, thank Heaven ! is clear ;
Books are facilities broad cast you have—
Would you desire to have your name appear
Above the narrow limits of the grave ?
Read ! read !! and think we urge, ay think again,
None but true men of thought this honor win.

Go to the reading-room or somewhere else ;
Once take to read and think, oh how you'll love it.
You'll stock your mind's ten thousand little cells
With knowledge strong ; nor ignorance can move it.
Go to the nurseries that propagate
Instruction, without which none can be great.

Could we appear before you here to-night
If we had sat and snored o'er lager beer,
Or lay back smoking drowsily, half tight,
That we could not is evidently clear.
You cannot all write poetry, we know,
But in some useful art may make a show.

The frost may weave with water feathery zephyr
Upon each tree, upon each window-pane,
Each accurate exhibit be a preacher,
Show forth the power we cannot well explain.
The drunkard can't admire what is emboss'd
Upon a tree or window by the frost.

Rich autumn bearing heavy yellow sheaves
And the last lingering flowers you there may see,
The glory of the forest's golden leaves
Magnificent exhibit on each tree.
You would not take a drunkard to admire
The woods reflecting back sun's evening fire.

The mountain high that overlooks the sea
Whose waters ebb and flow "away, away,"
Old Ocean has rich crowning charms for me ;
Its shelly beach where children love to play :
On ocean's edge or on the mountain top,
Contemplating, I won't with drunkard stop.

O ye celestial beings looking down
Behind the fiery orbs we now behold,
If heavenly faces can be made to frown,
Or glowing cheeks of angels pale and cold,
Earth's drunken, vile exhibits that you see
Should make your faces sweet distorted be.

O ye bright stars that look down in noonday
As wakeful as ye seem in dead of night,
Can your ears hear the echoes that we say?
Do they your senses pain in worlds of light?
Are drunken actions photographed by you,
Ye stars, that shine above in land of blue?

O thou great orb of day, ye silver spheres,
You witness every act or done or said,
You carry forward thro' the flight of years
Reflects that thro' eternity are spread.
Stop for a moment, we shall change our ways;
We shall be sober—render God the praise.

Ye flowers of spring that lift your tender heads
And look upon us lovely once a year
From out your innocent and beauteous beds—
You who to heaven your face and perfume rear—
Tell us, you little violets, that we should
Be sober to admire the works of God.

O ye peach blossoms and red strawberries
That show yourselves to gladden and to cheer,
Our tastes ye gratify, make glad our eyes—
Your presence to the thoughtful ever dear;
Point us to God, your Parent and your Rober,
Say, "Look, admire and wonder, but be sober."

Thou sweetest May, thou month of rare attractions,
Thou flowery month, thou month of richest bloom—
May standing first in Memory's affections,
Thy roses growing strong o'er winter's tomb;
Thy buds and flowers so young and sweet are given
Right fresh from out the pleasure-grounds of heaven.

It is no wonder that young hearts should choose
Sweet May with glowing cheeks and flowing hair,
As their own special month the rest refuse
Because May, like them, is so young and fair;
We never could, as long as we remember,
Abide to see young May wed old December.

Yet 'tis a ticklish business to reprove,
Or show a doubt of some men's abstinence,
Tho' you may do so in all Christian love ;
Look out lest you to some may give offence.
We have experience, as we here will show ;
We pray take warning from the scene below :

Speaking of May (or January) or December,
We can't look over something laughable,
And, as we said before, we do remember
And so shall introduce a funny tale
That did occur to us at a "love-feast ;"
We pray you bear in mind we're not in jest.

A man of years, known by his wig so husky,
Looking like some lime-burner's crisp affair,
Buried his wife—must now look young and frisky :
Buy a new wig—new wig to church did wear ;
Drest up in bogus top-knot spun long yarn,
We did not fail the wrinkles to discern.

And so struck up so lively (as we're wont)
The hymn well known to many an old disciple :
"Fight on," we sang, "old soldier," aged saint,
You'll soon be gathered home with God's own
people.
The look he gave us would Napoleon scare ;
Remember what you sing if wigs they wear.

O loved and sober saints of thin, gray hairs,
How we admire your temperance and your sense !
'Tis true you are pressed down by weight of years,
Yet you are ripe—yea, ready to go hence ;
Your wrinkles, your gray hairs and your dim eyes
Shall be exchanged for beauty in the skies.

We might in this connection introduce,
As preachers say, "an incident to bear"
Upon our former case, without abuse ;
As corresponding evidence take share
In carrying out what we intend to do,
Showing the course that we do here pursue.

A boasting negro, or say "man of color,"
As Christians recognize but one platform,
Would always say, "Old Sambo's growing older,
But, bless the Lord ! he's ready for the storm ;
His bundle's tied, he's ready to depart—
Grim Death, just try this child with your sharp dart."

His "massa" had strong doubts about Sam's boasts,
And so he came in the grim dead of night—
A stormy night—a night when some see ghosts,
Or bushes that put coward hearts to flight ;
And at Sam's shanty door on this night drear
He knocked ; poor Sambo, startled, asked, "Who's
dere?"

"The angel of the Lord," the master said ;
"Be out at once and come along with me."
Sam blew the candle out, leapt into bed,
Scared more than any worldly black could be,
Saying, "No use in your knocking at the door ;
Old Cuffy don't live in this house no more."

We varify our verses, lest we should
Tire your ears by sad and sorry scenes ;
We love to pass along in happy mood,
Show many-color'd joys of pinks and greens ;
But, O youth ! would you live in field of mind,
Never let beastly drunkenness strike you blind.

Are any sleepy here? are any tired

By frequent change of scene, perhaps distasteful?
To such we beg to say, "We're not inspired,"

Nor do we wish your fancy for to lull.
By general acclamation say you are,
Then we shall try your patience for to spare,

There seems no such exhibit now, we can

Read on, impress, persuade, yea, beg of you
The mastery o'er the love of brandy gain;

Then what rich fields of thought, delightful, new!
In truth we say that we could never think
Until we sacrificed destructive drink.

Are any here addicted to strong drink?

Are any here the slaves of appetite?
If any are, they stand upon the brink

Of danger that should shock the sense and sight.
Take counsel, cast the poisoned cup aside,
No matter how your enemies deride.

Be sober; then a different state of mind

Will govern you, will guide your family
Like one recovering sight that was long blind;

For, groping brethren, you'll have sympathy;
The very troubles that when drunk you had
Shall be, by temperance, grateful pleasures made.

What funny stories do we hear of toppers,

Whose antics and expressions breed much laughter!
'Tis said, when moon shone full, two drunken mopers

Disputed about what we'll show hereafter;
They could not of themselves decide the case—
Appealed to a third party for redress.

One said, "Bill, it is daylight; that's the sun;
When I get home my breakfast will be ready."

But Charlie, staggering, faltered out, "The moon!"

Tho' both his words and movements were unsteady.
"Hold on," said Bill. "This stranger will decide,
And, Charlie, you shall know that I am right."

So up the stranger staggered, just as full
Of brandy as the moon that looked right down;
Appeal being made, he said he could not tell,
Because he was a stranger in the town.
If you appeal to drunken for decision,
Do not expect an answer with precision.

'Tis said two drunken chums once occupied
A second-story double-bedded room;
One night their whisky made them so cross-eyed
That neither knowing to one bed would come.
Both rolling over, one, loud "hollering," said,
"Charlie, by Gosh, there's some one in my bed!"

Charlie, but able falteringly to shout,
"Some scoundrel, too, is here in bed with me;
Billy, you try and kick your 'feller' out,
And I'll give 'jesse' to this boy, you'll see."
Billy kicked Charlie out, then roared, "He's gone,"
And Charlie groaned, "I'm out; he's all alone."

We might here tell you how they cling to posts,
Or make the fatal step in dead of night,
What if pale moon would show you sheeted ghosts,
Mistaking gleam on pond for hearthstone bright?
Lone fates reserved for general resurrection,
How can we witness this last sad selection?

A question : Does an overloaded stomach
Breed in a man a strong desire for drink ?
Gluttons, 'tis said, have many a hard attack :
If men will gorge themselves they should, we think.
We know that many suffering from the gout
Their brandy "smashes" won't do well without.

Temperance—we know a man now seventy-four,
A living genius, poet of first water,
Can in an hour walk four miles or more,
And feel no worse ; nay, rather better after.
You wish the spring of his great power to see,
'Tis temperance, God and well-boiled hominy.

Shall we here speak of the ill-will created
To peaceful districts or to peaceful wives
By drinking wretches, staggering, dissipated,
Who lead the innocent unhappy lives ?
We do believe that wars are brought about
When red wine enters and casts judgment out.

Does history tell us of some drunken wretches
Disputing over wine or window-panes ?
What the sad lesson that the story teaches—
Two mighty armies stain with blood whole plains.
Why should a pompous, drunken, proud dictator
The mind, the will, the sober senses fetter ?

'Tis hard to versify some prose allusions,
Tho' they may suit in our poetic field ;
Too many inferences may cause confusions—
Perhaps a sort of "higgledy-piggledy" yield ;
However, we shall try and pack them up ;
That they may end in good we flatter hope.

A certain lecturer once drew inference,
Or a sad represent of drunken youth ;
Forbid it, God ! that our young men of sense
Get drunk and go on treacherous waters smooth ;
These youths are shown upon Niagara river,
Dragged to the rapids, dashed to death for ever.

Their rum-indulgence led them to death's waters,
Those on the banks did halloo, " Rapids ! save !"
They cannot check their course, O sons and daughters !
These drunken youths dash down death's watery
grave.

How many by disgraceful drunken acts
Have hurried down death's jaws—grim cataracts !

Sometimes in writing, what a little time
It takes to change a scene ! We must confess
The while we show the dread and sad sublime,
Anon exhibit the ridiculous.
And yet, in making pictures, we agreed
To show how work is done and work is said.

You tell some man, " Intemperance is bad,
Drunkenness, the ruin of both youth and age."
He nods assent to statements you have made,
But when you try him up he gives no pledge ;
Approves your work, your labor good, of love—
" Sad curse," he says ; does nothing to remove.

How like a cowardly Western farmer he,
Who nearly caused his wife and children ruin !
From story we have heard you'll plainly see
That this poor, nervous man detested Bruin ;
For every night, in putting up his prayers,
He said, " O Lord, preserve us from the bears !"

Well, on a day when bears did prow! around,
This family were all at home together ;
We may suppose the snow was on the ground,
And Bruin hungry in the snowy weather ;
So in he stalks, with heavy paws so soft ;
The man "skedaddles"—climbs up on the loft ;

And, horrid to relate, the ladder draws.
Just, just look up at the base and sorry coward !
He shrinks from Bruin's paws and hungry jaws,
Covers his head and utters not a word.
Betty, his wife, true, noble, woman-like,
Lifts up the axe and does old Bruin strike.

She cleaves his skull, he rolls upon the floor ;
The "boy" peeps down and sees old Grizzly fall.
Who can the scoundrel's solid brass endure
As from the loft he does to Betty call,
"Bravo, my darling ! we have done him pretty ;
Hit him the other side, my loving Betty ?"

Now he steals calmly down to see the bear
And ascertain if really he is dead,
And when he sees he cannot stir a hair,
He says, "My Betty, we have baked his bread.
Betty, I'll go my ways, old Johnson tell
How you and *I* have killed the bear so well."

So when you see a man that will approve
Of good, but never render any aid,
Think of this coward and his "Betty, love,"
Look on the loft and hear the words he said.
"All right," some say, but never go to war—
The loft, the coward, Betty and the bear.

We have no hope, in country or in city,
But woman, brave to lift the axe and strike,
As prowling bear was sacrificed by Betty.

The power of women can make rum "a wreck ;"
We do believe by woman's wise decision
Rum might be made the "fabric of a vision."

Sad to see drunken fathers, sons or brothers,
See wrecks of families by rum destruction ;
But oh the thought of staggering, drunken mothers !
Hell's fiery draught, do leave us this deduction.
Don't stamp thine impress on the weaker sex ;
A drunken woman would a devil vex.

Yet, tho' we tell you funny things, we can
Show hideous drunkenness in its saddest form—
Exhibit countenances thin and wan,
Doomed by those who should shield them from the
storm.

When drunken father blights last ray of hope,
Ah ! who can raise the fallen drunkard up ?

We well remember of a story sad,
Told by a true and loving Christian teacher ;
Remember now the first impression made
By this quotation from good Dr. Beecher.
He paints a husband young, his family,
And shows sad consequence ye shrink to see.

The wine-cup changed the man : his love of drink
Has overtopped all other sense of good ;
Down in the gulf of death this man must sink ;
He breathes hell's atmosphere—strong drink his food.
The clergy pray him to leave off the drink ;
"I can't," he says, "tho' down to hell I sink."

O mothers dear, think of delirium tremens,
Or madness from strong drink, as some aver !
See blighted hopes, hear orphans' sad complaints,
And offer up to heaven your teary prayer
That your young sons, the darlings of your heart,
May never from true rectitude depart.

As drunkenness destroys the nervous system,
Ruins the brain, and wrecks at last the man,
'Tis time that wise and sober men do come—
The mastery o'er this hideous monster gain.
Mania-à-potu—frightful to behold
When soul and sense to brandy-fire are sold.

He's mad ! the young man's mad ! Run up and catch
His hand before he severs jugular vein !
Let half a dozen sober friends him watch ;
If not his life-blood will his bed-room stain.
How his eyes roll ! He screams, " Prevent ! prevent
The devil ! keep him off ! he's for me sent !

" See ! see these little devils, like black roaches !
I cannot bear them, drive them all away !
Why don't you now prevent their foul approaches ?
Why don't you now attend to what I say ?
Why don't you check hell's scorpions ! ugly evil !
Oh I am lost ! I'm lost ! I see the devil !"

Is it a time when fiery madness rages
To ask a drunkard lost for to reform ?
We bow you out now with your pewter pledges ;
You cannot save a ship that's wrecked by storm !
Preachers are culpable who never have
Shown up the horrid way to drunkard's grave.

Men that are really temperate, and abstain
 From overdose of even tempting food,
 Their countenance unerringly explain
 A peaceful mould of face—true stamp of God.
 Abstain we should, for everybody knows
 Abstinence does not add to glow of nose.

Come back again to Dr. Beecher's story,
 And see sad end to which strong drink will lead.
 Hear me, ye mothers; hear, but do not worry;
 The truth, the whole sad truth, must now be said:
 Every appliance brought, but what of that?
 "Nae haep" is burned on the soul of sot.

See his young wife with her disheveled hair,
 Hear his dear children crying, "Pappy," "pap."
 See him now sit and rave in sad despair;
 Hell's firebrand has burned out the latest hope.
 Gone is this man—you cannot bring him back;
 O ye young men! get off the drunkard's track.

"Surviving parents, come!" old pastor cries.
 His grandpap says, "Oh, Charlie, do reform!"
 See! see the devil standing in his eyes!
 He curses out, "I dread not hell's alarm!
 If bottle-full stood here and glass beside,
 I'd drink, tho' devils plunged me in hell's tide."

This the condition we would save you from,
 Ye young, ye thoughtless and susceptible!
 Oh shun the road to wretched drunkard's doom!
 Firm, total abstinence will break the spell.
 Oh that we could catch some too near the brink!
 O God prevent this madness caused by drink!

You ask us why we paint these fiery pictures,
Or why so many hideous repetitions?
Why talk so of distorted human structures?
We know rum's bad ; why show its sad conditions?
We said before, and we again repeat,
We wish this, worst of evils, to defeat.

We'll show you bloody heads and murd'red forms,
We'll show you skulking murd'ers in the dark,
We'll paint the ravages of drunken storms—
Do anything, speak, write or make our mark,
For ever, and you take the echo up
And let it sound o'er the earth, " Stop the wine-cup !"

Kind ladies, latterly, have given lectures ;
Their acts are noble ; yes, their words and tears ;
'Tis said they can describe sad drunken spectres,
And leave impressions lasting too for years.
Yet some aver that temperance speakers must
Have sad experience of both smell and taste.

Well, be this as it may, our own experience
Is dreadful. When we stop to contemplate
Sometimes, we shudder and then look askance,
For the whole thing with horror is replete.
One night we fell, dead drunk, by a canal
Twenty feet deep. How near the mouth of hell !

We were discovered by some policemen
(Policemen who, thank mercy ! then were sober),
Carried us where admission we did gain ;
Since that sad scene see what results occur :
We're sober now ; we won't be caught by brandy ;
We tell you brandy cannot catch us handy.

O ye fair forms of youth, don't walk too near
The yawning precipice that grins to have
Your bodies, souls ! We charge you, oh prepare !
'Tis total abstinence, thro' God, can save.
Pure water flowing all may now receive ;
The fountain sparkling see, and drink and live.

We have from good authority a case
That may some here amuse, others surprise.
You'll see that it exhibits on its face
A very near approach to loss of eyes,
Or life, perhaps as well, for aught we know,
As circumstances showing go to show.

Hear ye the circumstance—see picture sad,
Or exhibition of this dangerous hazard :
A country farmer falls down drunk, half dead,
Is pounced upon by a large turkey-buzzard.
This bird of prey would have picked out his eyes,
But that the man had power to nod surprise.

For as the buzzard made his bold attack
This drunken man could merely “ duck ” his head,
Or let it fall a little toward his back,
And so the war upon his eyes evade
In this condition he was found to be
By one who led him to security.

And when his sight and sense were both restored
He made a last, but grand and firm, resolve ;
He pledged his life and honor, made record,
So firm that brandy power could not dissolve
His granite purpose—word that he had given
Was firmly rooted in the strength of Heaven.

If any here have, by rum influence,
Attracted buzzard or fell near canal,
Take counsel, which we give in sober sense :
Oh let the reader to your heart appeal,
Who would to sinking brother a line throw ;
Do seize last hope before you sink in "limbo."

The curse of idleness, that doth beget
Drunkenness, debauchery and horrid crime,
O youth, your noble heart 'gainst "loafing" set ;
Labor each moment, husband precious time.
We never could new shoes nor garments wear
If toil did not for us these things prepare.

Our daily food, our needful sustenance,
What health demands, each morn as we awake,
Breakfast to strengthen us e'er we commence
Our daily work—of this we must partake.
Hot coffee, clear, fresh bread we cannot have
If industry betimes did not bed leave.

All that we can enjoy for our support
We gain by honest labor—no mistake.
Laborers must not be classed as "baser sort :"
Labor's true honor ; up, be wide awake !
The minds that shall the earth's transactions rule
Must graduate in honest "labor's" school.

We have been pained to hear some children say,
"Your father has to work to get his living ;"
You hear such words, sometimes, 'mid childish play ;
You're wont to ask, "Do theirs subsist by thieving?"
When will sobriety and labor have
The laurels that should crown the really brave?

The noblest specimens of the human race
By labor perfected their grand designs.
See leather apron and fire-burnt face—

What the results? Ask stars and deepest mines;
Ask Watt, Lord Rosse, ask Fulton and the rest—
Labor, great bank—come, sober minds, invest!

“Where art thou?” man, is now the voice of God.

Art thou reflective, sober, good or not;
Erect and thoughtful, moving o’er life’s road,
Or a degraded, staggering, filthy sot?
Answer, my soul, these questions Heaven propound,
Echoing for ever with earth’s daily round.

“Where is thy brother?” Hear this echo, too;

Responsible we are for one another.
You must take care of me and I of you—
Rush to the rescue of each fallen brother;
Lift him, if faint—if hungry give him bread,
Cover the naked; do what Jesus said.

The good Samaritan, whose tender heart
Was moved with pity for the sufferer,
Practicing charity, that better part,

Heaven’s tenderness that springs the gushing tear.
“Go, thou, and do” kind acts as he has done,
Is the address to us of God’s own Son.

’Tis said that good mechanics have been drunkards—
That statesmen made best speeches when half drunk.
I’m always sorry when I hear such words;
And when I hear them I am led to think
If workmen and great statesmen had been sober,
We would have rubies stolen by brandy-robber.

Opiates of any kind in time, we know,
Will clog the mind, perhaps dethrone its power ;
By temperance and patience men may grow
Brighter and purer each successive hour.
My life I pledge that I will ever be
Sober, my God, thy grandeur for to see.

O ye mechanics, noble, young and brave,
Sober determinations now renew ;
Abhor sad drunkenness, think of drunkard's grave—
With sober purposes your work pursue.
Youth is a nation's strong and glorious hope,
Yet stronger made by temperance lifted up.

Mechanics, we admire you much, we do ;
You build our houses, ships and our machines ;
Be honest, temperate, vigilant and true ;
Study true rules and carry out their plans,
Then patents you shall gain for grand inventions,
Results of only temperate attentions.

Let men but be observant, then they can
Witness and hear and judge and form conclusions ;
Sometimes you're accidentally thrown upon
Parties conversing, showing no intrusions.
We speak in this way, as a "go-between,"
That we may introduce an English scene.

Some men have a capacity to bear
Great weight—say, carry vessel full of rum ;
Some human casks can take in " Benjamin's share."
With me into this railroad carriage come :
Two gentlemen are talking loud, I think ;
Their subject the propriety of drink.

One seems a clergyman, I know, for he
Has introduced himself by the expression :
Remember Paul's advice to Timothy,
Of oft infirmity doth make confession.
He don't deny at all—hear words he spake :
“ I take a little for the stomach's sake.”

The other, an old colonel, well developed :
The parson to the colonel made address ;
I watched the colonel, whose red eyes enveloped
Were by more flaming fat and chubby face.
Hear parson's questions and hear colonel's answer,
His nose as well as tongue being a responser.

The parson spoke : “ Colonel, you deem it meet
To take a little, as the Scriptures say ;
I think it does not take you off' your feet—
Now do you ever stumble, colonel, pray ?”
The colonel said, “ By all the rum in Dover,
I could not hold enough to knock me over.”

PART II.

Who has not heard of "Irish whisky punch,"
Or of Old Ireland's hospitable table—
The mountain dew that washes down the lunch,
And how they eat and drink while they are able?
How often has description bred a smile,
"Cead mille a fealte" of the "Emerald Isle!"

'Tis said an Irish "country gentleman,"
Of liberal principle and social heart,
The favor of all creeds had power to gain;
In his festivities all bore a part.
Protestant ministers and Catholic priests
Were welcome and invariably his guests.

He prest the hand of each with equal love,
No matter at what season they would come,
And when one entered he would make a move
To treat the parson or the priest of Rome.
They said his Irish whisky could save lives;
At any rate it could "put out the hives."

But this good-hearted man of olden time
Did come at last to lay him down to die
('Tis hard to put this subject into rhyme);
Jemmy, his trusty man, was standing by,
Who said, "I'll put the 'masther' to the test—
Know will he have the parson or the priest."

For Jemmy knew his liberality,
Knew very well he loved all sides alike,
Knew they did drink, but never disagree ;
There were no brawls and no one e'er did strike.
This testing-time for Jemmy now has come
To prove that he loved England's Church or Rome.

"Masther, you're dyin'. Will good Parson John
Be brought to you, or Father Dominick?"
"Jemmy, before you spoke the word, upon
My sowl, I'm thinking of the same, avick.
Both know me well ; I'm neither thief nor robber,
So bring me either one you may get sober."

We see the dawning of a brighter day ;
The clergy lead the way for to suppress
The power of drunkenness ; hear the words they say :
They are no longer worshipers of Bacchus.
These sober agents of the living God
Will never stagger, on the heavenly road.

We wish to contradict the foul reports,
Opprobriums made to itinerants ;
The wicked have recourse to mean resorts—
Ask, "Who can satisfy a preacher's wants?"
The temperate care not for their "tender mercy ;"
They wear the mantle of good "Pappy Hersey."

(Perhaps some here would need an explanation
About the late and singular John Hersey,
So stringently peculiar in his station ;
And so, as children say, we add a "versey :"
He ate plain food, slept on hard bed of straw—
Was the most temperate man you ever saw.

This Revd. was well known by his gray coat,
And by the gingham handkerchief he wore,
As well as by the food let down his throat
That clenched the temperate character he bore.
We say all this lest we should some perplex,
And so we place these thoughts in circumflex.)

In preacher's countenance we cannot trace
The mark of "bird of prey," we do confess,
We do not see exhibit of the face
Show forth the aspect of cadaverous.
We never did believe in Delaware
That traveling preachers did fat chickens scare.

And yet some men—of what veracity?—
Have said what we believe to be a lie,
That an itinerant has a capacity
To scare fat chickens if he pass them by.
They state if chickens see one ride or walk
They scream, alarmingly, "See! see the hawk."

We're ever ready for to raise objection
When men unwarrantably do malign;
By word and action we will give protection
To every godly, temperate divine;
But if a man should preach for stomach's sake,
We give him benefit of chicken's "quake."

If men are really Christian that pursue
This paragraph that we do here insert,
They will not our intentions misconstrue,
Nor awkwardly our poetry invert.
True men of God must one and all agree
That we are friend and not an enemy.

Your late lamented statesman, Thaddeus Stevens,
Knew that from drunkenness ruin doth accrue ;
For, ere he passed from you into the heavens,
Enforced the strictest temperance on his nephew ;
As in his will a certain clause appears :
Possession must be gained through sober years.

We wish, like Mr. Stevens, all the members
That constitute Columbia's legislature
Would never be seen to totter on their timbers
Or show us once a bloated, drunken feature.
Sad, sad indeed, if wine-cup is the hobby,
Or statesmen seen blind drunk upon the lobby.

From the first day Thad. Stevens took his stand
Until he slept in death we heard with pleasure
He never could be moved, by a back hand,
To swerve from any conscientious measure.
But those possessed of Monagahela crawl
Will never favor the Maine liquor law.

Convince a man that brandy ruins mind
And robs the body of its wonted strength,
Then you shall not be very slow to find
One that on temperance highway goes whole length.
Oh had we such for our law-making worders
We would be free from horrid grog-shop murders.

When will true daylight strike us, that shall burn
The blasting influence of rum away,
And from the halls of legislature turn
All guzzling drunkards that the right betray ?
Hasten, good Heaven, the glorious jubilee
When sober senators mankind may see !

How many living men would fear and quake
If things inanimate could give expression—
If cane-bound flasks or demijohns could speak,
Or cellars or side doors but make confession !
The demijohns and flasks men often fill,
And empty too, are worse than plague to kill.

The vigilant Observer in the skies,
To whom all matter is transparency ;
Nothing is hid from His all-seeing eyes :
The bottle in the closet God can see,
The vast amount of evil rum has done
Is witnessed by Omnipotence alone.

Parsons, remember rum-power is mesmeric,
Its smouldering fire consumes the mod'rate drinkers :
Take heed that in the funeral panegyric
You don't disgust the living, sober thinkers :
Indulgence in our natural wrongs, how bad !
But rum-indulgence does a corpse degrade.

Perhaps you heard the wakeful story sad
Of drunken father, poor and dying child :
This ruined man at the child's dying bed,
Watching his peaceful angel fading, mild—
Her eyes are closed—steals her gilt Testament,
And with it straight to the next grog-shop went.

Returning after pledging the child's book,
His dying daughter opened once her eyes,
And at her father gave last dying look,
And said, " See these bright angels from the skies ;
They are Heaven's children for my spirit sent.
Where shall I say you hid my Testament ?"

Her soul flew off—he looked on lifeless form,
He loved his darling—wept from broken heart;
Sad sin he had committed woke alarm :
He prayed, “ O Jesus, thou art good, thou art ;
Forgive me—I shall never touch again,
I pledge my soul—I totally abstain.”

He did abstain, but ah ! the act did haunt
His life along the way to narrow grave :
He said the crime committed was for want
Of timely warning that, perhaps, might save.
O youth, beware, nor handle, touch, or taste
What did o’er this-doom’d man sad sorrow cast.

Ever remember that ’tis sober thought
And temperate reflection that shall yield
Perfect designs, that may be shaped and brought
To join first class in the mechanic field.
If drunkards should at all become inventors,
They’ll have a shaky job to find their centres.

God’s holy Bible—love it and there trace
Exhibit of good Jesus coming down,
Offering to fallen drunkard mercy, grace :
He bore the cross, he left the brightest crown,
He suffered martyrdom, for us was led,
Nailed to rough wood : we should have died instead.

Read holy Bible, with rich treasures stored,
Showing us what Jehovah will have done ;
There we can see the will of Christ the Lord
Pointing out plainly evils we should shun.
Its promises console us in our grief ;
This word of God affords us true relief.

Reverence the servants of the living God,
 Standing on Zion's sacred, holy walls,
Pointing poor sinners to the only road
 That leads to bliss—attend their solemn calls.
Revere these messengers who whisper peace
To mortals dying and those in distress.

Ever attend the sanctuary of the Lord,
 His "house of prayer," the place by God designed
To propagate his will, explain his word,
 Where light is shed on eyeballs of the blind ;
Oh love Heaven's minister, who would remove
Your griefs and point you to true joys above.

With each succeeding holy Sabbath day
 Go to God's temple, as good Simeon did,
There with his people adoration pay—
 Join in sweet words of praise or sung or said ;
And as your hymns and prayers to heaven ascend
You move toward joys where Sabbaths never end.

Youth, if you drink at all, just now decide
 To make a last and permanent resolve—
Decision lasting, strong that will abide,
 Not evanescent, easy to dissolve.
But carry out your plan with wise precision ;
Temperance should draw from you this last decision.

Some run well for a time, as Scriptures say,
 Taking the field against intemperance—
Like butterflies appear on sunny day :
 How great their zeal, how great their eloquence !
But if temptation strong its fury cast,
Like butterflies they cannot brave the blast.

But are, like Zealot, who for a whole week
Passed by his rum-haunt with its strong attractions,
And said, "I have resolved and I will check,
Lest rum will take fast hold of my affection."
Passing the door next day—frail constitution
Comes back at once to treat good resolution.

Our nervous system—thousand silken threads
A woven influence—God's own design
So accurate yet sensitive it needs
That temperance and exercise combine
To keep from that peculiar nervous strain ;
(If nervous we are partially insane.)

Tobacco ruins stomach, nerves and thought ;
I had to fight against it two whole years,
And if at any time the weed was brought
About for two years after, I had fears.
This murky devil conquered, now I find
Renewed in health of body and of mind.

'Tis said that Spartan fathers showed their sons
The exhibitions of their drunken slaves ;
We frequently can see sad staggering sermons,
And such exhibit very often leaves
Impressions deeper on our youth, I'll wager,
Than spouting of some sinister old stager.

The force of sermons and of some addresses
May wield much influence in temperance cause,
Provided they don't make us hide our faces
By awkward mode of laying down the laws.
Out with the truth, right out, we cannot help it ;
The world won't turn right round upon the pulpit.

Who would suppose that e'en young brothers could,
When they grow up to manhood, be estranged—
That sin's foul agency, some angry feud,
Could cause these loving hearts to be deranged?
Look now at simple childhood's happy state—
Look on their manhood, see infernal hate.

Brothers and brother's love ; what terms so dear?
How grateful to us is the household word !—
Cement by which men do love's fabric rear,
That can true shelter against ills afford.
Why should estrangement propagated be?
Why cultivate foul sin's deformity?

Brothers that love thro' childhood's smiles and tears,
That grow up strengthened by love's bands divine,
Show forth true glory in their riper years
And do in image of the heavenly shine ;
'Tis said no earthly love, except a mother's,
Can show itself in darkness like a brother's.

But ah ! estrangement, sad deformity !
Why, why appear to tear and rend asunder?
No other crime of magnified enormity
Can this, the lowest depth of sin, lie under.
You love the mighty God you have not seen ;
Your brother hate—hell's gate must stand between.

Death's dungeon must, we know, be ever barred
Against all haters of their flesh and blood ;
What our professions when no real regard
Is had by us for the advice of God?
Fraternal love is free from baleful flaw—
Love is the fulfilling of the law.

The drunkard is in danger when fierce frost
Closes the surface of the running river ;
We know by drunkenness many have been lost,
Who, if they had been sober, would have never
Exhibited the foolish, drunken hero
And fallen victim to the power of zero.

And as in winter so it is in summer,
Intemperance doth breed mortality ;
We do not propagate an idle rumor ;
No, but we speak to you of sad reality :
Drunkenness doth life's worst enemies provoke—
Drunkards are frequent victims of sunstroke.

Who are responsible? do tell me, who ;
The drunkard, maddened, or the sober man
Who has the power this monster to pursue,
Nor cease the chase until the foe is slain?
Let plague and pestilence, unchecked, have sway,
Rather than drunkenness shall on mortals prey.

Look at this staggering pair, a man and wife,
See filth, repulsive rags and wretchedness ;
Their fiery eyes show if foul passion rife ;
See their neglected children's sad distress,
See ragged forms, see hunger, see neglect—
Oh they are dying ! will no hand protect?

Katie and Mollie, whom none now regard—
I see these half-starved children as I pass :
They're peeping thro' the bars of the graveyard,
They say they love to gaze on the long grass ;
I asked them what was up, and Mollie said,
“ I wish we were asleep on that grass bed.”

These little forms with damp and matted hair,
Why do you let them pine in filth to die?
You tell us of the mighty power of prayer,
You say God hears young ravens when they cry.
Here is a spectacle, pale-faced and faint :
Are not their sunken eyes a just complaint?

Their haggard, dying looks are just, we know,
Nor are their parents, drunk, responsible ;
We that are sober and have strength to go,
Let us put forth all effort with a will.
By rescuing the innocent we may
Secure choice rubies that may shine one day.

See the well-furnished house, see silver plate
That shines conspicuous upon the door
Where newly-married pair reside in state ;
Substantial is their residence, not poor :
Rich velvet carpets, furniture to match,
With argus eyes of neighbors on the watch.

What care the temperate for the basilisk?
They love the splendor of a happy home ;
Tho' outside vipers take them to the task,
They love the joys of evening when they come
To sit them down beside their low-down grate :
William and Charlotte love to live in state.

So live this happy pair, blest with good health,
(For health for ever will with temperance go ;)
Proper investments give this household wealth,
As their well-ordered home-arrangements show.
Their children, as rich olives, do grow up :
What sober comforts doth this household prop !

Why not?—they live in state—why not enjoy
Rich comforts and substantialities?
They're young and beautiful ; why should alloy
Obtrude to give these joyful hearts distress?
Industry and its comforts, well applied,
True pleasures bring, which cannot be denied.

Can it be possible these little lambs,
Those boys that now the little base-ball throw?—
Look at the joys that reign 'mid childish games,
Their little sister strikes the battledore ;
See chubby little Jack now spin his top,
And stumpy Charlie trundle round his hoop.

The tempter has intruded on this Eden—
The rum-curse and more cursed company
Have stolen from here a peace that can't again
Heighten the happy joys these children see.
Oh, lovely little mischief-making Mollie,
What know you of your red-eyed father's folly?

The velvet carpets now are growing dusty,
No order seems to reign in house arrangement ;
The plate upon the door is getting rusty :
You see before your eyes a marked derangement.
The children now destroy rich works of art ;
The drunken father breaks the mother's heart.

Friends, sober lovers of the beautiful,
Your influence how great ! Oh try and use it ;
See that in youthful minds you now instill
Sobriety for time ; oh don't abuse it !
Let every word and action and endeavor
Be brought, that youth from rum-desire may sever !

We smile at some pecuniary decisions,
As if the gift of temperance could be bought ;
Self-constituted members and divisions
Have lately given rise to express thought ;
Some say it seems to be such silly fun
To fill the pockets of a temperance Son.

Youth, you must ask of God to change your heart,
To take away from you each wrong desire,
To give you grace to choose the better part,
To quench within you the unhallowed fire.
You need not idolize the wordy preacher—
Just ask the living God to be your teacher.

Remember, 'tis not yielding up your self
Can make you temperate, by any means ;
Remember, you must educate yourself—
The power of God can wash out drunken stains :
We know 'tis He alone that can protect
And make us wise, give sober self-respect.

Suppose we take a look at styles and fashions,
Ask helps to prove that fashion reigns supreme ;
We trust we shall not overtax your patience,
Or draw from you one particle of blame
For stopping short to take another way ;
We would to court of fashion homage pay !

Crazy on fashion shows a crazy sense ;
Let us not sigh for that we cannot have ;
A foolish longing is intemperance :
From such we would you as from drunkenness save :
If fortune smile wisely enjoy your lot—
Ape not that you are rich if you are not.

Philosophers have asked—yea asked again—
 (Philosophers of temperance, we mean)—
Can any son of Adam tell us when
 Men may their love of alcohol restrain?
Efforts of Sons of Temperance have failed :
Are Kedron's zealous children all jailed?

Oh that we could with temperate piety
 Hit one, the one and only certain way,
Attract the circles of society,
 So they at temperance shrine may worship pay.
Let total abstinence be ruling fashion,
And then, my word for it, you win the nation.

We do not wish to spread a dark embarrass,
 Or mystify what we shall dwell upon ;
Let us begin as they begin in Paris,
 Create and circulate the *Le Bon Ton*.
We know some Paris effigy will conquer
The grandfather, the "exquisite," the "yunker."

How can a man be blind to Fashion's power,
 Or shut his eyes 'gainst progress of the age?
Strew plate, point lace or artificial flower—
 Monopolize descriptive power of sage.
Some formerly their vision had to strain
To catch one glimpse adown "leghorn lane."

But now the scene is changed—no shaded deep,
 Sequestered silk or Tuscan avenue,
Where in the olden time men had to peep
 To gain of fairer countenance a view ;
Look wistfully far down long-tunneled shade
To catch the hidden beauties of the maid.

The present style of dresses, we must say,
Are beautiful. As is becoming bonnet
Comparing fair with blooming, youthful May,
So lovely are the trimmings worn on it.
But better than sweet bonnets or rich dresses
Are glory of true ladies' sober faces.

My stove-pipe hat must tumble if some beaux
Don but a wide-awake or one like "Grant,"
And I must change my garb from top to toe,
And even yield my countenance to paint,
Yea, dye my whiskers; they're now growing gray;
And so true worship to the "fashion" pay.

Let love of brandy once go out of fashion,
Let it be out of style to take a nip,
Let it be vulgar to indulge the passion—
To touch, to smell, to handle or to sip;
Then would men sooner be heart-broken mourners
Than seen with loungers or round grog-shop corners.

Oh that each bloated drunkard would begin
To check the foul desire—cut off supplies—
Reduce the corporation and the chin,
Cast off red nose, "up-all-night-looking" eyes;
Dress in habiliments of sober thought,
Which may be in the frame and face inwrought.

Oh for establishment of true reform,
Alliance formed in the temperance cause;
A capturing of drunkenness by storm—
Lay firm foundation, rear unyielding laws.
Temperance, sure rock, through God, in man's distress;
It lights the eye, it beautifies the face.

Opposers of new fashion have to yield—

Yield as your fathers had to yield before you :
What can withstand when fashions take the field?

Fashion, you know, will surely lord it o'er you—
Fashion will always conquer in the end,
See scientific, lovely "Grecian bend."

The force of fashion drove some to the grave

By useless muffling long before their time ;
Anon has fashion copied the Zouave ;

Breathe freely e'en in age. You seem in prime
Ill-fitted, much oppressed and sorry acher
Should bless the day he saw "John Wanamaker."

Be sober then ; in goodness you advance,

Your generous deeds a grateful world may see ;
You, the true authors of benevolence.

Girard still lives with Childs and Peabody.
Destroy the selfish appetite ; you shine,
Nor will you sink vast funds in vaults of wine.

You'll educate and shelter, and so save

Your worthy brethren not so highly favored,
And e'en in death you'll find for them a grave—

Gifts of the good by various graces savored.
True, temperate liberality how great !
Sometimes 'twill cross the boundaries of the State.

And, like the sun, 'twill shine upon the cot

That nestles near the margin of the wood,
Nor is his beams attracted to that spot,

His liberality, how broad, how good !
Philanthropists are so their light doth shine
In acts of goodness copy the divine.

We say, now we have tried with all our might,
Have painted truthfully the drunkard's picture,
Have shown you now and then some pleasant sight,
Nor always kept you near the hideous structure ;
And it would pay expenses, if, to-night,
We could for temperance win a proselyte.

Come forward nobly now, before this crowd,
As mourners openly at altar kneel,
Where zealous, lusty brethren sing so loud ;
Others, entreating, melt hard hearts of steel
Oh that our converts never may look back,
Or, like old Mrs. Lot, get off the track !

Depend upon it, we shall try and render
Assistance—counsel you, as brethren should ;
Portray those fools who go upon a “ bender,”
Describe their after melancholy mood.
We'll try and leave no single stone unturned
In warning fools whom brandy-fire has burned.

As we have led you to the very edge
Where standing see destruction—see its cure—
We beg of you come forward, sign the pledge,
Enter a home of peace, see open door.
The sober, faithful unto death, shall rise
O'er sorrow here, and shine above the skies.

Wash-tubs on wash-days are true watering-places,
Clean lilac muslin better than foul black ;
On loving mother's face one found no traces
Of countenance of those who on the wreck
Sit brooding all day long with fallen chops,
Because they can't be at some seaside hops.

Oh industry and love of quiet home,
True dignity of noble precious women,
No tempting, sad anxiety to roam,
Too often visible amongst fairer human.
It never will detract from virtues mine
Because a woman is not often seen.

Fashion's intolerance at no time ceases,
Summer or winter, spring or any season,
Even when the wealthy go to watering-places.
Some that lack money also lack sound reason,
Close up their premises, spread false report
That they are off to cool sea-side resort—

Which proves the force of fashion is so strong
That fools, by no means in good circumstances,
Rather than that they should be classed among
The working nobles, who don't trust to chances,
Shut up their houses, there spread total night,
As though to Saratoga they took flight.

And if a stranger then knock at the door,
Or some one from a distance make a call,
Their hired agent you hear loudly roar :
"The family are not at home at all."
While all this while these foolish inside peepers
Seem wearing habits of the seven sleepers.

Let our prevailing reigning fashion be
A detestation of the hideous curse ;
Let ours be fashion of sobriety—
(Base drunkenness, of all sins none can be worse.)
This be my fashion—let me ever have
A steady step advancing to the grave.

'Tis night ; I just distinguish the full moon,
But visible through watery sea above,
Struggling like London sun through foggy noon,
Or countenance of drowning man, who strove
In vain to gain the surface. Now 'tis hid
Behind a gloomy ocean, like sheet lead.

We sometimes think, in matters of the moon,
That a wide circle is a certain sign
Of an approaching storm, that very soon
Will call forth what that circle did design ;
For lunar rainbows some say do foreshow
A coming storm of either rain or snow.

Throughout the night the wild wind whistles drear ;
The shutters rattle ; hear the battering rain—
This certain agent that too well declare
That freshet shall roll down on us again.
'Tis morn ; see deep snow-water all around ;
A dreary thaw now drenches all the ground.

Yes, when a general leaden atmosphere,
Or, as we said, a misty mantled night,
Through which the full moon struggling disappear
After a while to hide itself outright—
From this remembered sign may come a dash,
Like this peculiar day of general slush.

And so the storm has come ; the change we see
That tries our boots or garments insecure.
I'm watching feeble poverty ; ah me !
The old man falls (God pity suffering poor !)
Close to that culvert's treacherous open jaw,
They know not how to open for the thaw.

Imperfectly cleaned pavements are an outrage
That should not be by any tolerated.
Parties, before elected, give a pledge,
Which we see love of lucre has defeated.
Oh, when a limb of man or child is broke
These do not bear the burden of the stroke !

Pavements and culverts and your general crossings
Are in this city shamefully neglected ;
These necessary inlets and those passings
Should be by the authorities protected,
Who could, by right of common law, contrive
To save the limb of one, perhaps his life.

But we will here, just now, return again
And speak of flooded streets, where "Cinderella"
Cuts but a sorry dash in driving rain
And sleet, combined with faded umbrella ;
For faded cotton umbrella does
Show forth its widest contrast in the snows.

And yet the love of brandy or bad beer
Will make the whisky-shop have more attraction
Than the big butcher's shop, where better cheer
Is always had. We wish, in this connection,
To show sad influence of strong desire,
That moves a drunkard to procure "hell-fire."

O Christian men, in thick coats double milled,
And pious ladies, in long rubber boots,
See drunkard's home with hungry sadness filled ;
Ah do not call these red-eyed drunkards brutes !
But this sad day of deluge go see dwellers,
Poor children dying in dark flooded cellars.

True Christian sympathy to drunken man,
An act of kindness to his dying child
(What nothing else can move) may sometimes gain
Admission to his heart. Then you have piled
Treasure above. For mercy to the poor
Is laying up in heaven the richest store.

Oh that I could by some kind word of mine
Soften the heart of wealthy sister, brother !
True acts of good are pearls that brightest shine,
Obeying mandate, "Love ye one another."
Pity the dying on his couch of straw,
Look at the orphan shivering in the thaw.

What need say some that you delineate
Ridiculousness of low, drunken women ;
Show up the sad condition of their state
Or laughable exhibit of their "trimmin'."
What if they should provoke the smiles of Quakers
When they in front wear back part of their "shakers?"

Ah when the shaker curtain hangs in front,
And that we smile at drunken awkwardness,
Is not such exhibition sad?—for want
Of feminine sobriety—true grace.
Let no one halloo out, She is "low bred ;"
A prima donna drunk can't gear her head.

O mothers ! young and rosy virgins who
Are sent from heaven to earth on special errands,
We would, with all our powers, appeal to you,
For in your hearts you bear God's issued warrants ;
Arrest, at once, on strength of your commissions
Your brothers, husbands, sons from sad conditions.

Oh for a combination of the sexes,
Temperance alliance of both male and female !
Then what new joys would show from Maine to Texas, .
By stopping manufacture and the sale
Of brandy, whisky, lager, gin or rum—
Then you have dawning of the blest “ millennium.”

We sometimes hear our words are too severe ;
We cannot hug a poisonous rattlesnake,
Nor will we quit our subject in despair
Because some chicken-hearted Christians quake.
If Christ and Paul could speak out hell and devil,
Rum can extort from us no terms more civil.

At Brooklyn we saw, the other day,
The saddest tragedy that could occur :
A drunken brother does his sister slay !
O brothers young, think of this murderer !
He stabs his sister that supported him—
This widow fall a prey to cursed rum.

A little later and you read again :
A lad of sixteen drinks away his breath ;
We publicly appeal ; we ask you when
You do intend to check this mad’ning death ?
Your first-born, yea, your Benjamins, are blighted,
If they with rum companions be united.

We know some recitations have effect,
If they be cited by a good professor ;
Sometimes, perhaps, a human form, half-wrecked,
May even make a mark as an addresser ;
But brain of such that outward form doth screen
To brandy is as nitro-glycerine.

Yea, certain as the air stands sentinel
At chamber door too poorly ventilated,
So certain doth the wine-cup make appeal
To any one who once was dissipated ;
Which proves that those diseased by cursed rum
Should occupy inebriate asylum.

No need to read to you kiln-dried statistics,
Or think by these men's senses to arouse ;
Such terms, some say, are merest bags of tricks.
Are not rum-holes in each alternate house
Somewhere right in the heart of city proper
Where chums once got their whisky for a copper ?—

Where you may often see a bloody quarrel
And hear foul curses, witness ruffian blows,
See Katto gather up her loose balmoral,
And Jim advertise his red, broken nose?
If not for whisky, James might be the ransom—
She, pious Mrs. Jones, discreet and handsome.

Can you be led to think there is a hope
For that besotted foot-sore prodigal?
O you of less temptation please to stop,
Let us for fallen to your heart appeal ;
None are so good but need to be forgiven,
Think of the Saviour's words, " Seventy times seven."

Ever remember, extra love of self
Will sink in true esteem a human creature ;
Never let honor yield to sordid pelf
Though friends should send you to the Legislature.
A public officer who robs the State,
Can murderer commit a crime as great?

We love what's understood as decent pride,
But oh how we admire the pleasant smile !
We wish it understood we can't abide
Cold looks from proud bestowed on sons of toil.
Each link in human chain supports another,
The rich depend on strength of poorer brother.

You see how very many different fields
Of thought we have explored in this connection ;
We trust to see some profitable yields
Of youthful minds in temperance direction ;
As we are well persuaded it should be
The first, chief study of humanity.

The very music that will charm the snake
Or lull the weaned child to balmy sleep
Has no effect upon a drunken rake—
No power from its full swell or cadence deep ;
The heavenly contributions of Beethoven
Can find no heart or ear in drunken sloven.

The strong appeals true painter's canvas make,
The awe we feel alone with Raphael,
His twelve apostles with their power to speak,
They cannot to a drunken sot appeal.
Take drunkard off to " Punch and Judy " show,
He's blind to power of Michael Angelo.

No sculptured forms that wake up human thought
Or rouse the sober sense to admiration
Need ever be to bloated drunkard brought,
Or he before these objects take his station.
No artist's chiseled influence can move
The soul of sot to wonder and approve.

No poet's power to bear the mind along
On wings of fancy rousing up the sense ;
No oratoric force of mortal tongue
Arresting by its tide of eloquence ;
No soul-inspiring influence can teach
The blunted senses of a drunken wretch.

Nor sculptor, painter, nor a poet can,
By the magician's wands they may possess,
Admission to the heart of drunken gain,
Rum's blasted curse being stamp'd on mind and face.
Youth, oh be sober if you wish to have
Your name survive above the narrow grave !

Young spring, with rising hope and song of birds,
Angelic pencil touches on the flowers,
When children echo back the little words—
A wood-bird music in the sunny hours.
The mind that's blighted by the curse of rum
Cannot with me into the green wood come.

The summer, warm and calm—see glassy lake
Without a ripple now reflect the trees.
Look in this mirror and it gives you back
The skiffs and paddling oars one on it sees.
What sober mind would make the big mistake
To ask a drunkard to admire the lake.

Autumn ! how rich and ripe large sun-burnt sheaves
And loads of bread that press down well-filled carts.
Beneficence of God an impress leaves
Upon our senses and our grateful hearts.
These crowning fruits, rich vintage to us given,
Response from drunkard cannot rise to heaven.

Winter, "with clouds and storms," his mission drear,
 "Sullen and sad," frowning and angry too ;
Mournful approach of struggling dying year,
 When very winds give back a wild halloo ;
Bleak, chill November, frozen January,
No force from either can the drunken see.

What our reflections? No spring, beauteous bloom,
 Nor summer, full of life and heat and power,
Nor autumn, laden with rich bounty come,
 Nor winter's winding-sheet of frozen hoar.
Nay, season's change, that should stir up the sense,
Can move the drunken by its eloquence.

Here are two beauties coming down the hill,
 See their elastic step and winning air ;
Their songs of music fill the flowery vale,
 Their glowing cheeks, how healthful and how fair !
Who are these agents, glorious, from the skies?
Daughters of temperance and exercise.

Their sons are strong to climb the mountains high,
 Robust to cultivate the fruitful plain,
Their bodies pure as dew-drops from the sky,
 Their brethren bold to plow the briny main ;
Young sons and daughters of earth's new creation,
Physicians cannot find their habitation.

"BEAUTIFUL WATER."

Come to this sparkling fountain and drink up
 Full goblet of this heavenly purity,
There is no blood or murder in the cup,
 Its cooling, cleansing power we all can see.
Sprinkle on fainting violet, soon to die,
One single drop, it opens its blue eye.

Suppose you step up with a whisky toddy
And throw a little on the dying flower,
Or lager beer, some say, "Won't hurt nobody,"
These poisons would its beauty soon devour.
Most precious flowers are your sons and daughters,
Most grateful beverage heaven's own distilled waters.

Beautiful water, in mild drops of rain
Descending on the bosom of the rose
In glittering dewy pearls on hill and plain,
Or creeping in evening's mist that doth repose
Along the margin of the running river,
Pressed forward by this influence for ever.

Beautiful water, in the fountain's spray,
Or by green meadows where the red deer wander,
Or where the little children love to play,
How rapturous thy murmuring rills meander!
In the calm night the heavenly stars reflector,
Progressive ever, God thy sure director.

Beautiful water, in the sunny shower,
Dropping from fleecy cloud on April day,
Thy grandeur in the rainbow has a power
Surpassing the magnificence of May,
Thy woof of beauty warped by angels fair
Gives token of God's love high-arched in air.

Beautiful water, in pure limpid streams,
Or dashing in the mighty cataract,
There we may see its beauty through sunbeams
Show over "Horseshoe Falls" with great effect;
Where flowing drapery of heaven's pure daughter
Rich woven vestments made adorning water.

Beautiful water, in the bubbling spring,
Gushing from rocky base of mountain high;
Water—how beautiful when it doth fling
White feathery snow-fall from a sober sky!
As when a quiet snow-fall gently presses,
Doth such not seem to us as angel's kisses?

Beautiful water, in the countless hail,
Moulded by little angel's fingers round,
How evenly they're scattered o'er the vale,
Yea, on the mountain summit, all around!
Perhaps each coriander seed made spherical
Descends, for aught we know, to work a miracle.

Beautiful water, yet how grand withal,
Magnificent in its sublime display,
As bounding headlong to great waterfall,
In rushing to admire who will delay?
To witness sweeping, awful, mighty power
From rear of "Cataract House" or "Terrapin Tower."

Water! How admiration heightens when
We see on troubled waves' phosphoric glare
Confusion sweeping o'er the mighty main,
Hurricane, howling, mountain waves appear!
Mixing in seething caldron draughts to rise
And baptize mountain tops from higher skies.

Then from the mountain summit it distills
In silvery streams this precious draught for me;
It trickles in ten thousand little rills,
Cooling the valleys, blessing flower and tree—
Heaven's crystal beverage from God to men,
To beast, to bird, to all on hill and plain.

Beautiful in the rainbow's perfect arch,
Beautiful in the crystal gushing fountain,
Beautiful in the streamlet's onward march,
Beautiful trickling down the rocky mountain,
Beautiful in the peaceful flowing river,
Beautiful in its onward course for ever.

* * * * *

Father eternal, by whose power alone
Advance we make in good or here abide,
We pray thee for the sake of Christ thy Son,
Our Brother, who for us was crucified,
Pour forth a blessing on what we have said,
May good results accrue from what we read.

Except thy power accompany, we're taught,
All our weak efforts here on earth will fail—
All that a man can do is not worth aught
Unless thy helping power behind he feel.
The tide of sin we undertake to check,
Help us, O God! thou knowest we are weak.

The young before thee we would try to urge
To temperance. Do thou, them, our God, impress;
The drunkard's fiery sea, its swelling surge
May drown these precious youths, O God! unless
Thou dost become their Captain and their Guide;
Let them in thee, the only Refuge, hide.

We leave now in thy hands what we have said ;

Thou art the Author of our being ; thou—
Thou canst inject new life in matter dead.

Almighty Maker, meekly will we bow,
Give sober minds to youth, give sober actions,
Let temperance influence their young affections.

Then, at the last, when Jordan's swelling tide

Shall urge its waters toward our fading forms,
Oh give us peace within that can abide

The chill of death, ride safe o'er mortal storms !
Then from the heights of bliss, Heaven's fields of sense,
Praise Jesus, author of true temperance.

THOMAS NICHOLSON.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

AIR.—“*Tramp, tramp,*” etc.

OH come and join our song and let us loud prolong
 The echoes of our music on the breeze,
 Ye hills take up the sound and publish all around,
 And send it with the sailors o’er the seas,
 That exercise and temperance shall be
 The highway progressed in by the free ;
 No rum shall stupify our brain or dim our eye,
 We’ll preserve our sober senses all our days.

CHORUS.—For the purity of water we can see
 Rectified in the pulses of the sea,
 Then by angels lifted up and thrown on
 each mountain top,
 Now in cooling crystal fountains flowing free.

True gems of richest worth, rarest diamonds of the earth,
 Are sober minds of labor and of thought ;
 Shall dread gulf, intemperance, swallow up young men
 of sense ?

Nay, the battle ’gainst drunkenness must be fought.
 Let youth, devoutly kneeling on their knees,
 Pledge ; let sober promise echo on the breeze,
 Rolling on a mighty tide, a great power on temper-
 ance’ side,
 As the bounding hallelujahs of the seas.

A nation’s hope and pride must to temperance be allied ;
 This cannot be denied, no, no, no ;
 Let not rum, destroyer, have the power to dig our grave ;
 We shall strongholds of drunkenness overthrow.
 O young men wake up in your might,
 And put this destroyer to flight !
 Yea, fair daughters, you must come and drive from
 every home
 This monster causing worst of human woe.

THOMAS NICHOLSON.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

AIR.—“ *When you and I were young, Maggie.*”

WHEN I think of the day that I lay toddy,
 They called a drunken rake,
 I sank by the side of the way muddy,
 Unable to walk or to speak;
 But that dark day is gone with its sky cloudy,
 And the sunlight of joy is here,
 And the hue on the cheek is of health ruddy,
 My drink crystal water to cheer.

We tell those who make it their day's study
 How they will get drunk at night,
 Who, perhaps, if they do, have the nose bloody
 Embroiled in disgraceful fight,
 If they sign our pledge that is now ready
 And soberly move along,
 They will enter a new life of joy steady
 And join in our happy song.

'Tis sad to see men who for rum greedy
 Their families' comforts destroy;
 They loaf around grog-shops, their clothes seedy,
 There blighting domestic joy.
 Oh could we prevail on you, poor, needy,
 To cast in your lot among
 The members of temperance cause speedy
 And join our happy throng!

The good cause we sing of we love dearly,
 Its blessings we plainly see
 As bright as the sunlight of day clearly
 Whose beams comfort you and me!
 Its rich joys increasing through life yearly,
 Spread flowers on path to the tomb,
 We will echo its praise from the heart “cheerly,”
 It lives in eternal bloom.

THOMAS NICHOLSON.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

AIR.—“*Daisy Deane.*”

WE will sing and be merry, no juice of the berry
Doth heighten our jubilant glee ;
Persuasive right teaches true temperance speeches,
Brings joys that possess you and me.

CHORUS.—The sober alone in gladness are one,
Nor feel sad reproaches next day,
For head and heartaches sum up drunken
stakes—
For temperance three cheers and hurrah !

Oh could we persuade you, in love we would lead you
To springs of true crystalline pleasure
That flow freely near a beverage to cheer
In joy that no mortal can measure.

We shall pass round the cup, with pleasure drink up
This nectar that gushes so near ;
Water—Paradise power, bearing life to the flower—
You comfort, you bless and you cheer.

We now clearly see in this land of the free
The dawn of the happiest day,
When drunkenness no more shall darken the door :
Excelsior ! Three cheers and hurrah !

THOMAS NICHOLSON.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

AIR.—“*My Own Native Land.*”

OUR senses they are sober, our eyes they are bright,
Our drink from the fountain we bring;
We are happy by day, we are peaceful by night,
We are cheer'd by the pure crystal spring.
Then water, pure water for me,
What rich blessings in water I see!
In God's rainbow above what a token of love!
Rushing down from the mountain, how free!

In the murmuring rills that leap out from the hills,
In the streams and the brooks that we see;
In the great rivers wide, in the surf and the tide
Of old ocean, its ebb and flow free;
Just think what to water we owe,
See rain-drops and dew-drops and snow;
See how steam propels barque, freight, spars and
sails,
But by water right onward we go.

The life of the earth gains from moisture its birth,
This cardinal agent of good;
It pervades all, nothing great, nothing small,
Animalcule, trees of the wood.
Sweet voices that comfort and cheer,
And music that charms the ear,
Moistened in waves of the air are agents that bear
Joys that greet us and bless us while here.

The vapors that rise from all else we despise,
No lager or whisky for us;
We will drink the clear spring that doth sparkingly sing—
These draughts never end in a fuss.
Then water, pure water for me,
An agent of God let it be;
The thirsty to cheer—we despise lager beer—
We are sober and happy and free.

THOMAS NICHOLSON.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

AIR.—“*March to the Sea.*”

WE love to join in chorus with the fountain sparkling
song ;

When songsters warble in the grove, their chorus we
prolong ;

With bees and rills and winds that sing we join the
happy throng—

In music so glad and so free :

CHORUS.—Let all take up the chorus grand : hurrah !
hurrah ! hurrah !

And sound it loud thro' all the land ; hurrah ! hurrah !

For this we join with heart and hand, hurrah ! hurrah !
hurrah !

Then hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

We know that men of genius by intemperance were
wrecked,

The thought to us is grievous, but ah ! how sad the fact !

We shall use all our influence of agency, and act

To stop this devouring flame.

We trust in God to help us, we do believe he will,

We know a sparkling beverage for us he doth distill.

We now commence a duty, to you we do appeal,

Success shall result through his name.

We will not sing of what destroys the little children's
peace,

We will not sing of that that adds to families' distress :

An enemy to happiness we never can caress,

Oh no, no, no, no, no !

Mechanics must be sober, true Sons of Temperance ;

New fields of thought discover, explore with sober sense ;

Our motto : “ Excelsior ! progressive, go hence ! ”

Yes upward and onward we go !

The song we sing is sober, our eyes are clear and bright,

We shall not touch ; rum would destroy our senses and
our sight.

We sing in praise of temperance, we know that it is
right.

Then hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

THOMAS NICHOLSON.

Depos. Oct. 18. 1869.

Thomas Nicholson
Per.

(aug. 31. 69)

THE DRUNKARD:

A POETIC READING.

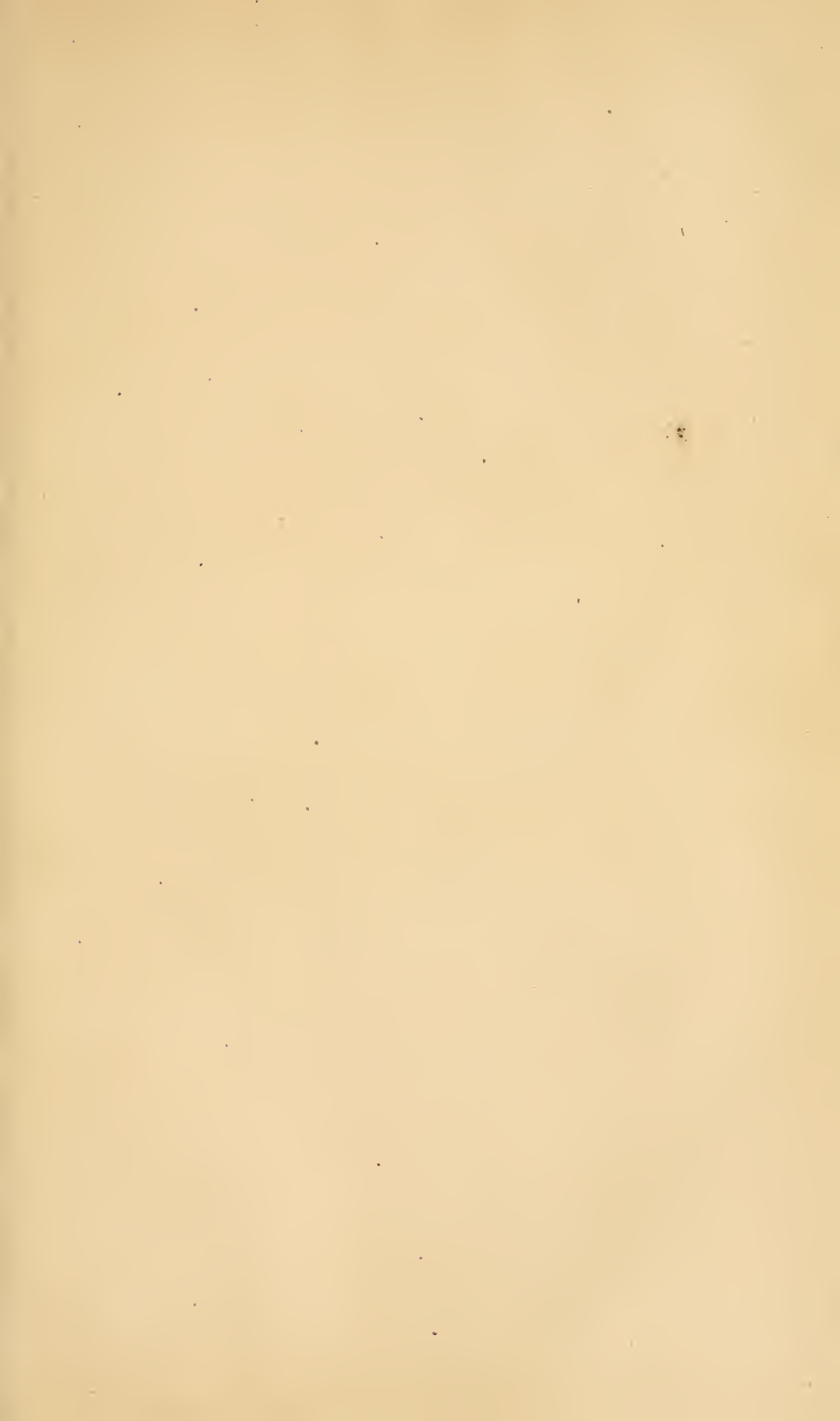
IN TWO PARTS.

BY
THOMAS NICHOLSON.

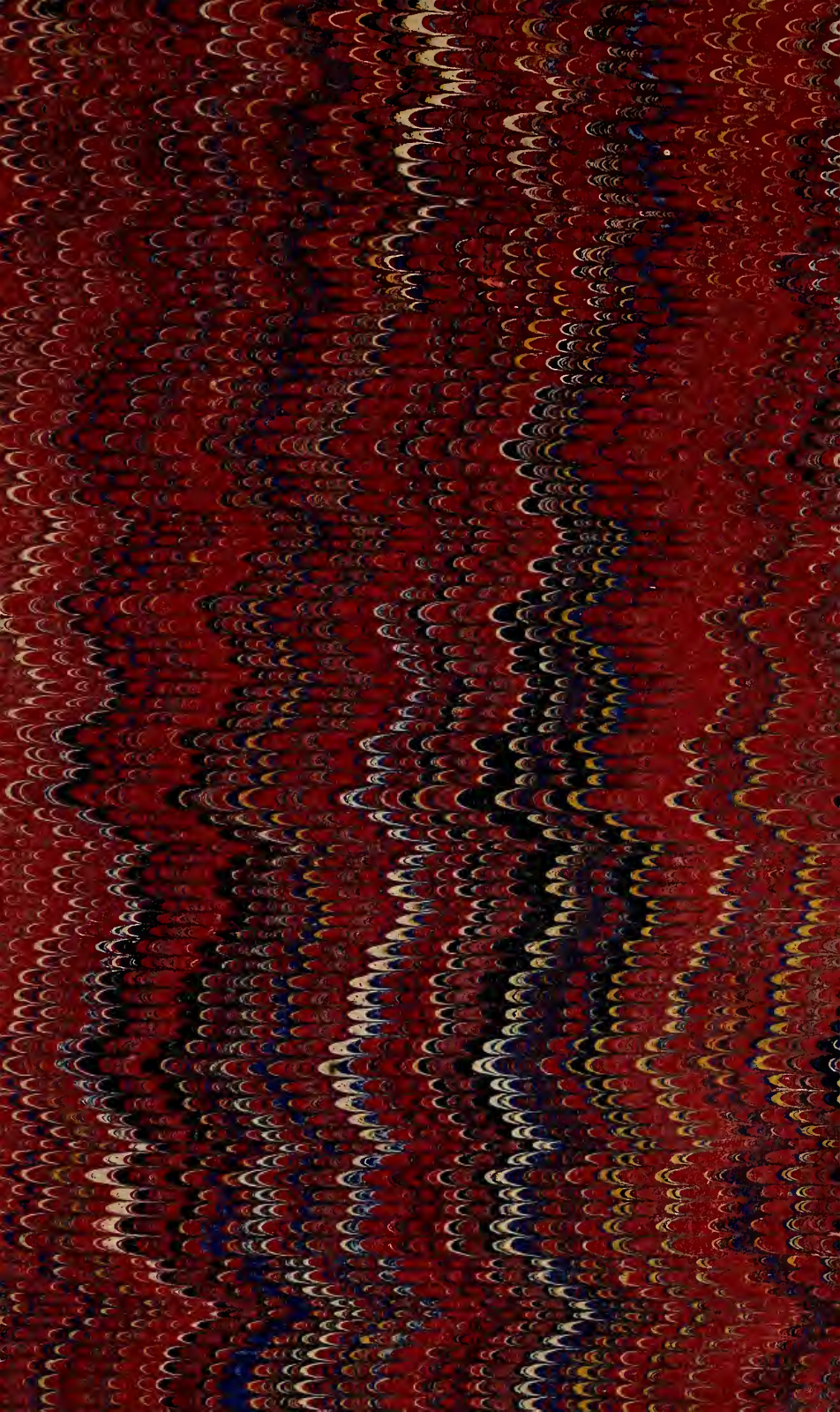


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